

984d
C771
h

UC-NRLF

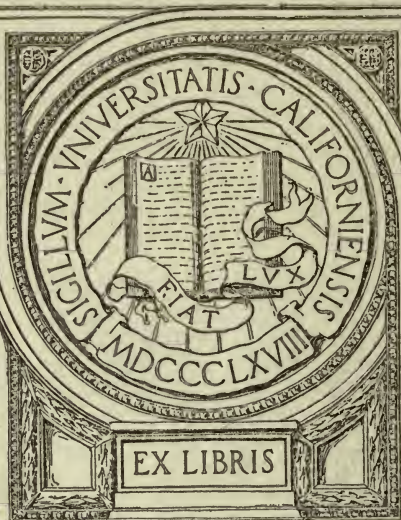


\$B 29 029

YC 15730

GIFT OF

Neander P. Cook



EX LIBRIS

984d

C771

h

Humbug - Land

BEING THE REPORT OF
MENDEZ PINTO

Concerning a Man-like Creature
Inhabiting the Earth during the Seventeenth Eon

Submitted to the Regents of the
UNIVERSITY OF ALDEBARAN
Constellatio Taurii. MCMXVI



the Weimar Press, (Route 8, Box 45) Los Angeles, Cal.

Price 50c, postpaid, coin or exchange.

CONTENTS

I. PROEM	1
<i>Out of Tune in Nature.</i>	
II. THE MENTAL STRUCTURE OF THE HUMAN CREATURE....	2
<i>Not yet Dry behind the Ears.</i>	
III. HIS BRAIN-BOX.....	3
<i>The Suckling of Cow-Milk and Barley-Water.</i>	
IV. HUMAN CONSCIENCE AND MORALITY.....	6
<i>Who is Right? Nature's God or Man's Conscience?</i>	
V. HUMAN CRUELTY TO THEIR YOUNG.....	8
<i>"Spare not the Rod."</i>	
VI. EDUCATION BY TORTURE.....	8
<i>The Dull Boy and Squirrel-Lore</i>	
VII. THE HUMAN SOCIAL STRUCTURE.....	9
<i>Under the Hangman's Banner.</i>	
VIII. HUMAN CHARACTERISTICS.....	12
<i>Riding upon his Brother's Back.</i>	
IX. MAN'S WORST ENEMY IS MAN.....	13
<i>Fencing in the North-Pole.</i>	
X. LOYALTY TO DELUSIONS.....	15
<i>Looking for Work in Heaven.</i>	
XI. DISCORDANT SOCIAL INSTINCTS.....	17
<i>Is Man a Mosquito, Bee, Ant, Bird or Beaver?</i>	
XII. MAN'S CRUELTY TO HIS FEMALE.....	20
<i>The Spittoon-Cleaner.</i>	
XIII. HUMAN BLOODTHIRSTINESS (THE WHITE PLAGUE).....	21
<i>From Paradise to Packinghouse.</i>	
XIV. HUMAN TRICKERY AND DECEITFULNESS.....	22
<i>The Humane Society and the Judas-Kiss.</i>	
XV. THE CULT OF TORTURE.....	23
<i>"Lex Taliones" and the CHRISTIAN HATE.</i>	
XVI. PROGRESSIVE DEGENERATION.....	24
<i>From Head-Hunter to Bayonet Drill.</i>	
XVII. PARASITISM	26
<i>Feasting the Drones.</i>	
XVIII. MEN AT PLAY.....	27
<i>What does the Mirror Tell?</i>	
XIX. DEBTS	27
<i>What Moth and Rust Cannot Corrupt.</i>	
XX. THE INTELLECTUALS.....	28
<i>Standing in Line for a Yoke.</i>	
XIX. THE GOSPEL OF TOIL.....	30
<i>Canary-Song vs. the Boiler Factory.</i>	
XXII. NEMESIS	34
<i>The Police-Judge and the Supreme Court of Nature.</i>	
XXIII. THE ECONOMY OF MORTAL LIFE.....	35
<i>Immortals that Seek to Become Mortal.</i>	

Meredy Pinto (Pseudonym for
Maudie P. Cook)

HUMBUG-LAND

BY MENDEZ PINTO.

I. PROEM

Out of Tune in Nature.

All the beasts of prey which at present inhabit the earth, are divided into four tribes: black, yellow, brown and white. Of these the white are the most numerous as well as the most destructive and ferocious.

Belonging to the living creation, even these perverted creatures have something in common with ourselves, the Immortals, for they possess many faculties, both of mind and body, which may be regarded as of the same order of nature, only less perfect and refined. They exhibit some capacity to feel, for on occasion they seem to act elated or depressed. Also, they have some gift of reason, but their conclusions and inferences are either queer or false.

No doubt our learned investigators are right that this plague of the earth is one of the latest products of animal evolution, for no other class of creatures would appear so imperfect, so self-contradictory, so unresponsive to instinct, so helpless, so deceitful, so cunning, so depraved, so senseless, so brutal, so bloodthirsty, so implacable an enemy of all that lives and grows, as these-cox comb creatures who call themselves human beings. It looks as if their creation is the worst mistake which has happened to our mother nature, but as with all other evil things, so man also bears within himself the seeds of his ultimate destruction, and in that fair day when there shall no longer be any blot upon the face of the earth or sky, the memory of man will linger only in our museums as an extinct monster of cruelty which had but a momentary existence in the progress of evolution.

But while man remains, he is a great plague to all living things, both to plants and animals, and were it not for our own ethereal bodies, we Immortals also would suffer from his depredations. Therefore, I was appointed by our honorable six hundred and thirty-second assembly to make a complete study of this creature's habits and life-history in order to see if we shall continue in our practice to let all living things pursue unhindered the course of their existence, be it good or evil, or whether this plague, which in the

last moons seems to increase so inordinately, should be hastened to its destruction by our acts of higher wisdom.

I have therefore faithfully performed my task, according to the confidence of our associates in me and submit herewith the following report:

II. THE MENTAL STRUCTURE OF THE HUMAN CREATURE

Not yet Dry behind the Ears.

The mental constitution of mankind is related to that of other animals, but is of a more unstable and deleterious nature. Man's instincts are still uncorrelated, for the time of his existence, compared with other creatures, is very short. He has not yet gained any real evolutionary experience, therefore his soul and mind still grope in the dark and are the prey of every illusion and delusion that thought and emotion are capable of. He cannot distinguish between truth and falsehood, for his sense-perception is both limited and deceptive, attuned to but a few octaves of sound and light. The eye of one man sees a thing red and the eye of another man sees the same thing green. Likewise, it is with his emotions. The same sentiment will stir one man into fury and leave another cold and apathetic, which is a fruitful cause of his never-ending and stupid quarrels.

Furthermore, man's sense of smell is nearly atrophied, and his taste is perverted. So he is blind and deaf to all the great harmonies of the universe, which every moment surge through our being, for we Ethereals are attuned to the entire range of nature's music. Our bodies are all eye, all ear, for we are made of light and the luminiferous ether is the essence of our being. There is nothing far nor near, nothing high nor low, nothing past nor future, which does not register itself in our sensitiveness. For each of us is part of the All that is and ever shall be and the course of our being has run from immortality to that which is mortal, we fall and we rise, we disappear and appear again and ecstasy is the end of our being.

Not so is man. He conceives that he was born to plague himself with labor and weariness, and that the end of his being is sorrow and weeping and that he was created for toil and tribulation. Therefore, he has so formed his social structure that the many are slaves and the few are rulers and his virtues are obedience and the carrying of burdens for others. His morality is like unto that of dogs, who fawn upon the hand that beats them and whose greatest happiness is their master's commendation. Their ambition is to be good and faithful servants, who toil all day for their lord and then wait upon him at table, glad to subsist upon the crumbs he drops to the floor. For us Immortals, in whom the love of liberty is so strong that we would perish sooner than perform a day's slave-toil at the command of another, and who render obedience to none,

save to truth and wisdom, it is difficult to conceive of the existence of so slavish a race as is mankind, for there does not seem to be a single human being but what he feels himself beholden to some authority over him, yet all animals, outside of the dog-tribes, are endowed with self-direction and repudiate every authority over themselves save the urge of their own being, for liberty is among the pristine gifts of life, but man was asleep when the goddess of freedom passed by, and she departed in a dudgeon from the human race because she was not wooed intently enough.

III. HIS BRAIN-BOX

The Suckling of Cow-Milk and Barley-Water.

When we put a human specimen upon the dissecting table the first thing peculiar which strikes us and which mismatches man from other animals, is his big head and overgrowth of brain. At any rate, something is wrong in this brain-box, for it seems to interfere continuously with the normal instincts which man has inherited from the nobler animals which were his forbears. So he does not drink water, which supports the life-processes of his organism, but he drinks alcohol to wreck his body; he stews himself in opium and tobacco juice and drugs himself out of the little sense he naturally might have had. It is this brain of his which makes him do all the unnatural things of which he is guilty, which perverts every truth of nature and makes him the subject of delusions and hysterias and causes wars among them in which they blindly rush at each other to destroy themselves. Nowhere in nature have ever appeared such evils as the human brain has invented: murder, war, tyranny, prison-houses, tortures and other crazes and manias unnumbered.

Physically, man is soon becoming the wreck he is striving so hard to make of himself. His body is bony and crooked and shot through with disease. He can no longer grow his own teeth, they are made in a factory, and their women's breasts are dried up so that they must feed their infants on cow-milk and barley-water. Yet it is especially those whom they count great among themselves which are the most degenerated and helpless. These great ones cannot put sugar into their own coffee, but must have butlers standing behind their chairs while they eat, to wait upon them. Their princesses cannot hook their own gowns, or keep clean their fingernails, or wash their own hair. More than one-half the members of the white race does not know how to grow its own wheat, or vegetables, or fruit, so they eat embalmed beef out of tin cans and sip soda-water colored with coal-tar dyes. Yet man is as proud of his swell-head as a gobbler is of his wattles. He regards it almost as the jewel of creation, the seat of his intelligence and reason. But our scientists set no great store by either reason or intelligence or brain-storms, for in all the wonderful achievements of the living evolution, the human brain has had little or no part. It is not the seat of instincts, which alone can be transmitted from parents to offspring, and instinct, not reason or intelligence, is the foundation-

stone of life. In man, the brain is the organ of self-consciousness and conceit, aside from its physiological function of being the central station of the sensori-motor-reflex.

Man is very proud that he can read and write by means of this wonderful brain of his, so that when a road is properly sign-posted he can find his way home. But a bird can travel a thousand miles without a compass and a dog can smell his way home, and can scent the track of man and animals without having to look it up in the encyclopedia. Man greatly values the store of knowledge which he has piled up in the books of his libraries, but three-fourths of these tomes of wisdom are filled with arguments of his duty to obey the decrees of his masters and respect the authority of those set over him and to be content with his crust. We Immortals set no store by such things, for we continually seek to widen the realm of freedom and to add to the intensity and excitement of life. We consider it worth while to scale the dizzy heights in order to see new horizons, to climb the mountain peak for the exhilaration of tobogganning down its side with the speed of lightning. Everywhere the living world is playing with nature's forces to contrive a wilder ride through space.

As for the rest of man's cold-stored knowledge I have found nothing in his books which the flowers and trees, the birds or the insects, did not know a thousand years before his time. Man thinks his microscope and telescope, his X-ray and his flying-machine achievements worthy of the gods. He admires his diamond dyes and claims to have harnessed the forces of nature in steam and electrical engines. But how insignificant are all these things when compared with the achievements of the instincts of animals and plants? Human intelligence can build a microscope, but instinct is able to evolve the eye itself; man can make an organ, but instinct produces the ear. Instinct invented the flight of birds millions of years before man invented an aeroplane, and the electric fish, by instinct, grows an infinitely more effective battery than man produces. The instinct of plants can distil the most beautiful colors out of the brown earth. The lowliest green algae, yea, every blade of grass, or green leaf, can use the most available natural energy, viz., the light of the sun, in the chemical factory of its organism. Every green thing in nature is a wonderful factory run by sun-motors, clean and bright, but man can only make smoke.

Man's knowledge, and the achievement of his reason, play no part in the larger life of the cosmos, for they cannot be transmitted from parent to off-spring. Reason is merely a by-product of evolution, of value only as a satisfaction of the wonder-instinct.

Man considers himself infinitely superior to all other creatures. Of course, this is a vanity quite common among living things. Each species considers itself the pinnacle of creation and claims to have mounted to the top rung of the ladder. So, for instance, think the flea and cootie, who look upon man as infinitely beneath them, as nothing more than their feeding-ground. And, in fact, they quite successfully match their wit against man's. So, likewise, do num-

berless bacilli, and the instinctive powers of these simple organisms are by no means inferior to those of man.

If we are to consider one creature higher than another in the scale of evolution, it is among the plants where Creation's highest achievements are recorded. Sessile by nature, yet by their ingenuity they send their offspring over the entire habitable globe, and they leave no force of nature, nor psychic peculiarity of any animal, unused, to accomplish their end. Some put their seeds into balloons and send them drifting upon the clouds; others shoot it from their pods as with guns, but when animals appeared the plants immediately made the whole animal kingdom their servant. For there is no animal of any kind but what must perform unconscious service for the plants, and whenever the wit of man or animals becomes pitted against the instinct of the plant, the plant generally comes out ahead. Numberless insects must be cupid's willing or unwilling messenger whenever a pistil desires to mate with her prince charming of the far-distant flower. They say that love knows no barrier, but it is among the plants where the seemingly unsurmountable obstacles are overcome in the most ingenious manner. Here is a cherry tree, which wishes to establish its children in a new country hundreds of miles distant. It saw that the birds sitting in its branches could fly through the air to that new country and straightway it determined to make them its servants. Even we Immortals do not yet understand how the cherry tree's instinct learned so much about the nature of birds. Many plants have discovered that most animals have a sweet tooth, and whenever they want an animal to do anything for them, they offer a morsel of sugar or honey. This is the universal money of the plant-world, and it is always acceptable at par in the animal kingdom. Does the flower in its gorgeous wedding dress, sigh for a lover from afar? It offers a bit of nectar to wasp, or bee, or butterfly, as payment for the prince's aeroplane ride.

But the cherry tree was chiefly solicitous for its offspring. It did not want to start its children in barren soil, worn out by the parent roots; it meant to plant them in a virgin paradise. So it grew ripe red cherries, of exactly the flavor which the bird's palate craved beyond anything in the world. The bird, eating the cherry, would carry the stone in its stomach miles distant and drop it upon new soil. We do not know how the cherry tree knew so exactly the taste of the birds, nor how that red color was so fascinating to them, nor how it learned the intricate chemical process to distil the sweet pulp out of earth and air, nor whence it gets its wonderful color. Evidently, it spared no pains in offering such royal feast. And this is the one thing in which plants are always much fairer than animals. Though they make animals their servants, they always pay handsomely for any service rendered, while animals, and especially man, the most beastly of all animals, simply destroy and spoil, and never give thought of fair return. It is in retaliation for this wanton spoliation that the plants are compelled to send the bacteria into the animal organism in order to destroy the destroyer and make his carcass again available for plant food.

But the cherry tree knows still more. While it offers the bird the juicy pulp, it embeds its offspring in a hard stone case, proof against the powerful acids of the bird's stomach, yet open to the water of the soil when germinating time comes. Moreover, so long as the seed is still immature, it keeps its cherry green and so horribly sour no bird will touch it.

All animals are parasites upon plants, and as a parasite cannot easily reach to the perfection of its host, it is probably for this reason that evolution has made so much less progress among animals than it has made in the plant world.

Among animals, Insects have reached the highest perfection, and among the Vertebrates the birds have reached a comparatively high stage, while on the other hand, the Carnivora, such as lions, tigers, wolves, dogs and man, occupy a comparatively low plane.

In the world's evolutionary history, man has been of less account than any other species, and it is not apparent that he is destined to play any important role. The first universal ice-age would wipe him out, if he does not before that time destroy himself by the follies of his reason. In fact, the living world as a whole could get along much better without him. So long as he remained an uncivilized son of nature he did little harm. But in these last eons, owing to his civilization, that vile product of the overgrowth of his brain, he has become an intolerable plague in nature, denuding the surface of the earth of every green tree, like an insect plague that devours field and forest. But plagues do not last forever, and the plant-world will not suffer extirpation by civilized man, but will send the seeds of destruction into his own being. When he has destroyed the paradise in which he was planted, his bones will rot on the bare rocks, and the seeds of plants which have rested while he chewed the forest into paper pulp, will celebrate a new resurrection day and grow upon his carcass. Then flowers once more will bloom in a better world.

IV. HUMAN CONSCIENCE AND MORALITY

Who is Right? Nature's God or Man's Conscience?

As a peacock is proud of its tail, so man is proud of his conscience and of his morality. It is the strangest product of his brain-box which tells him that it is wicked to play, to enjoy nature's gifts of goodness, to bask in sun and air, to loiter by the brookside and stroll among the meadow flowers or roam at will in the forest temple and quaff the whole of the delight of life. Nature's commandment to all creation is, "Six days shalt thou live and delight thyself, and on the seventh shalt thou take thy fill of pleasure." But man has changed this divine oracle and says, "Six days shalt thou sweat and weary thyself, and on the seventh thou shalt hide thyself from the wrath of Jehovah, and touch naught which might delight thy soul, for in sackcloth and ashes shalt thou worship thy

God," as if he were some tyrant whose sole satisfaction is in the scourging of his slaves. Yet men exalt their conscience to be the highest law of the universe.

I know of scarce anything akin to it in nature, except perhaps among dogs, who feel remorse at their master's scolding, whether it be just or unjust. The commands of the human conscience are almost all directly contrary to the God-given natural instincts. For conscience's sake men inflict all sorts of misery upon themselves, but never seek to do that which is good in nature. For conscience's sake they fast and scourge themselves, abstain from joy and pleasure, bind themselves down to the burden of toil, and endure slavery, but on the other hand, for conscience's sake, they never throw off the master's yoke or seek the liberty which is theirs by birthright. On the contrary, in the name of conscience, they sacrifice their children to Juggernaut, to Moloch, to Jahve and to the Ogre of War. For conscience's sake they swear to their own hurt and keep the vows that do them harm. Truly, no such stupidity was ever before heard of in creation.

In a similar manner the whole human code of morality is based upon the idea of abstinence from that which is good and that the endurance of suffering is the golden path to virtue. So men are ever afraid lest there be too much feasting in life, too much laughter, too much play, too much dancing, too much frolic and sunshine, too much freedom, too much pleasure, too much vacation, for it is only of these and other good things, that their conscience upbraids them. It never condemns them for overwork, for fatigue, for undernourishment, for dirt, for shabbiness, for pain, for tears, for poverty, for lack of artistic attainment, for broken health and wrinkles before their time, for lack of vision and travel and opportunity for sightseeing. Yet all these are high crimes and treason against life and nature. For nature abhors the dwarfed and stunted growths and mercifully blots out the maimed in the struggle for existence, for it meant that its world should be fair, and without spot and blemish. The capering colt, the prancing steed, exuberance of health and beauty and glory of form and fullness of life, are her goal. But man's morality insists upon starving both his body and soul, so that he alone of all living things falls far short of what his natural endowments enable him to be. And from all creation the indignant protest goes up to the Eternal Throne against the race that has filled its days with pain and sorrow and knows no sound but the wailing of self-inflicted misery and ever refuses to so change its course of life that it may become part of heaven's pean of joy and tumultuous happiness.

Yet there did appear One among them, to teach them the ways of life, who did not fast as did the disciples of John and the Pharisees, but who taught that life is a wedding feast and that it were unbecoming for its guests to fast while the bridegroom is with them (Mk. 2:18,19). But Him they did not heed: they choked His voice in blood.

V. HUMAN CRUELTY TO THEIR YOUNG

"Spare not the Rod."

Most animals show a very tender regard toward their young, especially during the period of infancy. They devote the greater part of their time to hunt food for them or else spend it in playing with them in order to teach their offspring the sum-total of animal lore which they possess, to train them in dexterity and all tricks useful against their enemies, etc. Our learned sages have not recorded anywhere that animals willingly harm or torture their offspring during the period of immaturity and growth. Since the humans are an offshoot from some of the older animals they have inherited many of the beautiful and noble virtues found in the animal creation and so it comes that a young mother will grieve as much as other animals do should her infant die. If, however, the child lives, it is not long before she begins to abuse it. As soon as the period of lactation is past, she begins to beat it with switches or rods, or slaps it in anger or tortures it in order to break its will and train it to slavish obedience. Even their sacred books teach them to beat their children and not to spare the rod. Thus, the life of the human infant is the most miserable of all animals, even if it be born to the gold and purple, in a mansion, or a king's palace, since among these great ones the mother considers it undignified to suckle her own infant, she dries up her breasts, and turns the child over to servants who naturally abuse it still more than would its own parents.

VI. EDUCATION BY TORTURE

The Dull Boy and Squirrel-Lore

If by accident the lot of a human child should be so happy as to have a mother as kind as the mothers of animal children, it only lasts till the sixth or seventh year, for then the State steps in and sends the child to school, and from that day till its death, happiness and freedom will be considered a sin for the human being. Now, we Immortals justly pride ourselves upon our educational systems, and I shall not have a little difficulty in making clear the difference between our own and human schools, especially those of civilized countries, for the uncivilized races are much less harsh and exacting toward their children than the Christian nations. With us, the greater part of our time is devoted to our schools. In fact, giving the gift of knowledge is one of the highest satisfactions of uncreated existence. But we have only one thought, viz., to make happy our offspring. Our schoolhouses are our great play-houses, and school-time is the play-time of our youth. And what feats of skill and daring and agility they accomplish! How they delight in the race from the Sun to Pleiades, or to play hide and seek among the planets! And as for knowledge, who could ever quench their thirst? They hunt the Calculus as the woodland boy hunts the nests

of birds and haunts of hare and squirrel, and they love to win in mathematics as much as in chess or checkers. And history thrills them like ghost stories, and science is the fairytale of their eager minds. But if at any time we perceive that concerning some valuable acquisition of knowledge their interest is not naturally awake, we make a great secret of it, talk of it only in whispers amongst ourselves and give them to understand that these things are too great and wonderful for mere youths to inquire into. We never compel them to learn anything, never give them tasks of any kind, nor ever make the taste of knowledge bitter and odious to them by tests and examination papers. As if a cat-mother did not know the progress of her kittens without a written examination sheet and marks to create jealousy among her family! Instinct upon occasion is short-sighted, but for mountain-high stupidity, look at a human high school system.

For human schools are all the very opposite of ours. They are fiendish torture houses, where children's bodies are put upon the rack and their minds stupefied. They are compelled to sit still by the hour, which to a child is no less torture than to hang up an adult by the wrists. The stern teacher commands them to give attention, but human, like other animal children, are attention all over. If a dog saunters into the class room, or a cat jumps through the window, or a spider lets himself down from the ceiling to find an anchorage upon the teacher's lesson-book, even the stupidest urchin will learn in five minutes what could not be drilled into him by rote in six generations. He will be able to give the minutest account of what happened and he can add thereto the most wonderful embellishments of the imagination. And if the teacher would let the dull boy show her his tricks and what he knows about his dog and the fox and the squirrel in the woods, she would find an amazing mass of knowledge which it would be hard for the head of the class to equal. But I doubt that even we Invisibles, to whom Mathematics is second nature, would be able to learn the multiplication table, were it to be drilled into us as knowledge is crammed into the human stomach. The things you are made to eat seldom taste good. Therefore, in civilized countries the open sesame of truth is closed to the human young. Their only opportunity is the underground class-room whisper and the tricks they are enabled to play upon the teacher.

VII. THE HUMAN SOCIAL STRUCTURE

Under the Hangman's Banner.

Nothing is so amazing to the student of the wonderful variety of life in its manifold evolutionary expression, as is the structure of the human social organism. It is the one great anomaly in Nature. For everywhere in the world, except among men, there is freedom and liberty and the unquestioned right to self-expression. No plant, no tree, no flower, no animal, whether it be fish, fowl, or worm or

cattle, or beast of prey, owes obedience to anything but its own nature and instinct, but man conceives that his whole life is subject to authority, whether it be Totem or Ancestor, or God, or King, or State or Custom, or what not, he conceives himself beholden to some superior autocracy whose will and decree reigns over him and to whom his subjection is absolute. So it is interesting to see a group of men who find life too crowded where they were born, go forth to seek more room. The first thing they do when they come into a new country is to select one or more of their number to be their rulers, then they build a jail, or stockade, or prison and erect a gibbet therein, in order that their rulers can put in jail those who do not obey their decrees and hang by the neck "till they are dead," any who dispute their authority. This is the most astonishing thing which I have found in all my travels to and fro through the earth and up and down in the universe, that never there can be found a human social unit anywhere without its hangman, and never anywhere in the earth below or the heavens above can you find any other social organism with either prison-house or gibbet. For all other human traits there are analogies in nature among the other social groups, such as birds, ants, bees, cattle, wolves, etc., but the hangman is the characteristic distinction of human society from that of animal society.

Every social organism needs co-ordination and order. It must be able to cast off, or bring into harmony, anti-social tendencies or individuals, in order to function and persist. It must find ways to subdue those who would arrogate to themselves an undue portion of the feeding-ground, who would set themselves up above their fellows, who would feed at public expense, who would rob or kill their neighbor, or who would drag down the group from the pursuit of lofty ideals to maurauding expeditions upon fellow groups, for in the end every maurauder in nature dies out. In short, any social group, in order to live, must be able to control and cast out social disease and evil-doing. And so every animal society protects itself by removing in one way or another, or rendering harmless, the anti-social member, yet it knows only too well that mere refusal to run with the herd, or refusal to bark at the moon with the mob, are not crimes. Therefore, so long as the individual does not kill or steal, or injure the life of the herd, its liberty is respected and is left to its own devices. If, on the other hand, the individual member persists in doing injury, there is no vengeance, no torture, no prison, but only swift and effective removal. The ant and bee colonies and even mosquito swarms, which live an infinitely more complex social life than does man, accomplish this by their natural instincts, or by the mere withdrawal of the benefits of the social order, or disfellowship of the refractory individual. It is only human society which coerces, keeps prison-houses and torture chambers as the festering sores and breeding places of anti-social hatred and crime.

Every herd has its social customs and habits which it does not allow to be broken. Every flock of birds is as touchy about its

coat of feathers as the French people are about their flag-worship. The creed of other animal societies requires that all must smell alike, but none of them know any other penalty for the transgression of their statutes, than exclusion from the joint-action of the herd. If the contrari-minded will not keep the tune, they are not allowed to join the band. If they cannot keep step, they are not allowed in the procession, if they do not want to march in line, they are left to walk by themselves. Here the matter ends. The majority goes its way, the minority is left to itself. If it repents, it is restored to membership. If it persists, it is left unmolested to pursue its own course. No animal majority ever forces its will upon an individual or coerces the minority, they know nothing of the autocratic compulsions of human democracies.

In the bird and ape-families, and elsewhere, upon occasion, the young are made to conform to the law of the tribe by the superior strength of the parent. The fledgling is instantly snatched from danger by main force if it does not heed the warning-cry quickly enough, or give up the poisonous morsel between its teeth, but no animal society ever inflicts punishment, nor ever subjects even the most wilful individual to torture or degradation. But men are opposite to animals in this respect, they are without any sense of that which is fitting. Democracies punish everything that does not run with the common herd by the same torture, viz., imprisonment, whether it be the greater wisdom of its prophets and philosophers or the delinquencies of defectives and perverts. The Christ and the thief are nailed to the same cross. Socrates and the murderer drink the same cup of hemlock. Galileo and the foot-pad are thrown into the same dungeon. Animal societies use force to prevent the immature from endangering their own lives or the safety of the group to their enemies. But human punishments have no such benevolent purposes: they intend to inflict harm and injury upon its victims, to starve the body of the prisoner, deprive him of his liberty, degrade his honor, kill his self-respect, prick his flesh and wound the image of God that is within him, to deprive his family of the bread-winner, heap contumely upon his wife and children, tear him limb from limb or hang him by the neck, in order to secure Christian justice. Now a mad dog and a raving maniac both endanger the life of the herd, and force "without stint and limit" must be used to restrain them or render them harmless, but what fiendish good can torture accomplish? We Immortals know that nature is "red in tooth and claw" and we hope that more evolutionary experience in the coming eons will mitigate more and more the short-comings of the ignorance of the Creative World-Instinct, but at such an abortion as human "justice" we stand aghast.

Animals live together in voluntary communities. All those who do not wish to join the big show, are free to stay outside. There is no place on the earth, where a deer, or antelope or hartebeest may not roam at will, there are no boundaries in the sky that a bird may not cross, but men are tied to the land by their sovereigns,

and they may not travel from one land to another without a humble petition for a passport. The life of the individual in the human herd is exceedingly circumscribed and hedged in. The police will drag him to jail for loafing on week-days and working on Sabbath-days, he is taxed for building a house, or raising a crop of wheat, he must pay a fee for mating, and must not beget children without a license, and they hold an inquest over him if he commits suicide.

Each country has its own idolatries. In India they fall down before Buddha, in Japan they do obeisance to the Emperor's likeness. In Europe they take off their hats to their flags. In Turkey and Arabia they revere the Crescent and hate the Infidel, in Christian lands they worship the cross and hate the Turks, but in all places they put to death those who do not worship the local fetish.

But stranger still. Among animals all sparrows are allowed to chirp the same chirp, no matter in what part of the world they happen to live. All dogs are allowed to bark dog-fashion, whether in Berlin or Cairo, and all sheep may bleat the sheep-language whether in Spain or in Canada. Not so civilized man. He must speak a different language according to the longitude and latitude of the place. It is forbidden to speak Danish in North Germany or French in South Germany. Nor can any man, under pain of imprisonment, speak Prussian in Elsass, or sing German in America, or talk American in Mexico or South America. By edict, punishable by mob-violence, the Russian language is seditious in the United States, neither it is safe to travel in Soviet countries with French or American Bibles. And whenever they have a war, the race and nationality of peoples is changed by the diplomats at the Peace Table.

VIII. HUMAN CHARACTERISTICS

Riding upon his Brother's Back.

The whole human structure is permeated with this doctrine of the absolute authority of the autocrat. Even in democracies the usual punishment for the assertion that "all men are born free and equal" is twenty years imprisonment at hard labor, whereas all animal societies are free. Animal government is derived solely from mutual agreement, the "consent of the governed," and they never coerce those who do not give their consent. It is, of course, the autocrat's duty to rule. In the great Shitirb Monarchy, this office is hereditary, but in the Nacirema Dominion they elect a new autocrat every fourth winter. To "rule" means to make people do things they do not wish to do, to collect taxes, exact tribute, set tariffs and customs upon the food of the poor and require obeisance to overlords and genuflections to the judges. It is, of course, only human beings that have degenerated so far as to desire to be rulers over their fellow-creatures, for no other beings ever took pleasure in making their kith and kin uncomfortable or inflict authority upon fellow-members of the same herd. It is only man that takes pleasure in the misery of his fellow-beings. Animals rejoice in being

equals among each other, there is neither high nor low in the animal herd, neither slave nor master. But in Humbugland nobody cares to be rich unless the many are poor, and nobody cares to be king except there be millions of subjects and slaves. It is considered the highest human achievement to tread something or somebody under foot. Nobody is happy unless he can sit upon somebody's neck and suck the blood of those under him. Yet this human race is endowed with enough knowledge to secure plenty, both of food and for every enjoyment that their organism is capable of, without transgressing the laws of nature. Animal communities have their natural enemies, so has man, but man's worst enemy by far is man.

IX. MAN'S WORST ENEMY IS MAN

Fencing in the North-Pole.

It never seems to have occurred to men for once to open their eyes and look about themselves and take an example from the older animal civilizations which gained the wisdom of eons when man was still unknown upon the face of the earth. Innumerable animal societies have existed for untold milleniums without ever having elected a hangman over them. They might have seen a herd of buffaloes defending themselves against attack, when all the strongest males arrange themselves on the outer circle to ward off the enemy. But in human battles their kings and generals and all the mighty ones stay far away from the fighting line. They live with their courtesans and drink wine, while they send their soldiers into the trenches and death. And if their subjects do not win, then they flee from their armies or their country as did Bonaparte Napoleon and the Hohenzollern William. But if the fighters win, then all the glory goes to the general, no matter how needlessly he sacrificed his regiments, and even in the triumphal march the common soldier is left to lick the dust. In the animal herd it is always the oldest and the unattached males that are called upon to sacrifice themselves in defense of the group, but in the human herd the old men always drive the young into slaughter. In the animal herd the old males volunteer and bear the brunt of the battle, but in the human herd the old men conscript the very flower of youth for the death duty, and thus in war, even though victorious, the human herd loses its best life-blood. It conscripts its finest specimen as bullet-stoppers in order to shield the old, the rapacious and the profiteers. The noble young men die in battle, the defectives are saved to propagate the race, thus even victory becomes the nation's grave of its manhood and liberty.

Again, if they had searched after truth, men might have seen how the bee-hive and the ant-colony prosper without slavery, without prisons and without torture cells. And they might have seen that in nature, though often the strong take advantage of the weak, and that while often the Big Hog drives the weaker one from the trough, yet the weaker may still eat while the stronger is asleep.

But under the human system by its laws and decrees, the king can punish while asleep, or while drunk, and can, by the passport regulations and extraditions, reach the fugitive slave in the uttermost ends of the earth. In animal society the power of oppression on the part of the strong is strictly limited to the individual's physical strength, but in human society a ruler may set his hoof upon a whole nation. So their insane idea that each human life is subject to the autocrat, instead of being by nature free, is the root-evil of human society and the cause of its unparalleled misery in creation. In all its aberrations, Nature has produced only one slave-race, which is mankind.

While man has tried to enslave many animals, he has never been able to put them under such yoke as he does his own kin. The horse and ox will pull his plow only so long as he himself follows after, but a capitalist can get thousands and thousands of human beings to toil for him in his factories while he goes to foreign countries and squanders the fruit of their toil. Animals yield only to superior force, they do not allow themselves to be enslaved by law, or custom, or tradition, as do the humans.

This peculiar human social structure gives birth to many things so exceedingly strange to us. All animals will freely partake of the food which nature provided for them, and they take it wherever they find it. Not so men. They never eat or drink anything, but first pay tribute to someone for it. They can neither hunt nor fish without license, neither gather fire-wood nor dig coal without paying fee or rent. The birds of the air eat freely of the fruit and seeds as they list, but should you set down a strange man in a civilized country and he had no money, he would not be able to find a single thing with which to still his hunger. Everything there is belongs to someone else. He cannot take a bath in ocean or river, he cannot lay down in forest or meadow or by the roadside for a night's rest without being arrested as a trespasser. From the beginning of time men have done nothing but fenced off the earth against each other, and latterly they even sent forth expeditions to put barbed wire around the North Pole.

It is true, in common with us Invisibles, they have the divine commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." In our realm this commandment is the highest and the very foundation of our society, the great safeguard of our liberty and happiness. But my report will scarce be believed among us when I shall here chronicle the very different interpretation given to this divine law by mankind. With us this law was made to protect the weak against the strong and it says to the ruler "Thou shalt not take away the liberty of thy people for any cause, neither shalt thou levy tribute upon them, nor conscript the youth of the land to thy service," and to all others it declares "Thou shalt not take anything which is thy neighbor's, neither his wife, nor his children, nor his job, nor any part of the product of his toil, nor his means of livelihood, neither his sunshine, nor his holiday, nor any of nature's bounties, his free access to the soil, to water and air, to oil and coal, to forest and

meadow, to cotton and bread and wine, to warmth and shelter and a hearthstone."

These humans, however, in their institutions for higher education have departments, called Colleges of Law, which have for their sole object the teaching of the perverse doctrine that the law, "Thou shalt not steal," has application only to the poor man and means "Thou shalt not eat of the fruit of the field, nor of the harvest which thou hast sown, without first paying tithe and tax and land rent and duty. Thou shalt pay to the feudal lord for the berries of the woodland which nature grew, and thou shalt not pasture thy cow in the commons without paying thy lord, thou shalt not touch anything which thy master has fenced in, thy labor shall be decreed by thy master and thou shalt not protest against thy yoke, but deliver the full number of bricks and pay the full price for the straw needful to make them. Thou shalt pay for the time-clock and the efficiency experts which thy master hath set over thee and thou shalt not sigh for a change in the industrial order." Human courts exist for the sole object to enforce this doctrine. I know amongst us Invisibles these things are incredible, but I have recorded only the naked facts and can only repeat what I affirmed in the beginning, viz., that though the humans have some power of reasoning, all their conclusions are perverted.

X. LOYALTY TO DELUSIONS

Looking for Work in Heaven.

This idea, that everything which man needs, belongs to some one else and that rent or tribute is to be paid for its use, is deeply ingrained in the whole mental make-up of the human tribe. To animals every thing is free, to man no gift of God or nature is free, the doctor even charges a fee for his birth, the priest for his baptism, the State for his marriage, the undertaker for his funeral and the real-estate agent for his grave.

What men regard as the best of their literature is built up on this idea of loyalty to tribute paying, or respect for the landlord's fences. There is, for instance, the story of the famous Hebrew viceroy of Egypt, Joseph by name, who in seven years of plenty highly taxed the farmers and compelled them to deliver large portions of their crops into the royal warehouses. For this Pharaoh considered him the wisest man in all Egypt. Then came the seven years of famine, and the wisdom of Joseph reached still greater heights. He sold back the grain to the same farmers from whom he had taken it by force in the beginning; first at famine prices, then when all their money was gone, he sold them grain for their cattle and land, and when that was gone, he sold them grain for their bodies and thus made every Egyptian a slave to Pharaoh. Among animals, wherever there is need, there is the right to eat, but among men whosoever is in need, pays blood-money.

Then there is the story of Archbishop Hanno of Mayence, who

had collected vast stores of wheat, taken from the peasants of his domain as tithes. A famine came, the people had spent all their money, but Hanno would not sell even at famine prices, he still wanted more. Now his people were good Christian people, and though their women and children were starving, they never touched Hanno's wheat, but prayed to heaven to save them by a miracle. Hanno's wheat was his, for he had taken it in the name of the proper authority. The famine grew, and everywhere the children died and at last it became so severe that even the rats were dying of starvation. They found Hanno's wheat, and knowing nothing of human laws, nor having any respect for Christian profiteers, they ate his wheat. And when all the wheat was gone and they still were hungry they came into Hanno's house. Then he fled to his castle on a rock in the river Rhine, but the rats swam the river and ate Hanno as well as his wheat. And this was the punishment of God upon him for his hardness of heart. Thus justice was done, but all the people died and the rats alone were saved. Men consider themselves greatly superior to the animals in that they are willing to die for an idea, whereas animals do not die until they have to.

In a Sunday school library I came upon the story of a starving mother who found a can of milk by the roadside that had dropped from some delivery-wagon. This heroic mother dragged herself to the police-station to restore the can of milk to the merchant instead of giving it to her dying infant. Both the mother and child died in the street later, and the churches and great merchants of that city erected a statue to her honor. She was their most precious saint, for they considered that her loyalty was maintained in the face of great temptation.

We used to think that Kram Nawt, our great wit-snapper, was trying to make sport of us, when he told us of the antics of these humans when a company of poor people had died and landed in Paradise. Here they found themselves in a wonderful garden, full of trees and shrubs bearing the most luscious fruits. There was sparkling wine flowing from the water-faucets, and there were glimpses of beautiful angels, clothed only in sunlight. So they had to shut their eyes continually lest they should behold unlawful beauty. Therefore they kept their eyes mostly to the ground and were looking for the signs to warn them off the grass and the "No Trespassing" placards. But they did not find any of these, nor could they discover the fences. After a while they became very hungry, and the hungrier they became the more inviting seemed the fruit-laden trees. They looked around for the armed guards and the policemen, but they did not see any, though they felt sure they were merely hiding behind the bushes to catch them unawares. As they walked on, they came upon a wide, bright street. They saw gold-pieces scattered everywhere as if the whole U. S. Mint had been spilled over it, but their conscience reminded them that they had just entered heaven, and they could not possibly begin life there by stealing or taking anything that was not

theirs. Then they came to the market-place and there was everything there that they had dreamed of might be found in their Lord's castle down below. But there were no salesmen. They passed booths upon booths with the most delicious viands and constantly became hungrier and hungrier. They had no money and to their consternation found there were not even pockets in their heavenly robes. Never before had they realized how poor in the midst of plenty is a man without money. As they grew faint they dragged themselves back to the Gate of Paradise and asked Saint Peter to let them out again as they were starving. "Starving in heaven!" said Saint Peter to them, "did you not see all the trees laden with fruit and all the tables set for a feast?" "Yes," they said, "but we could not find the ticket-seller, neither have we any money and are out of work." At this Saint Peter became angry for he regarded it as an insult that anybody should look for work in heaven. "You fools," he said, "in heaven everything is as free as it is in nature itself, and if you have not sense enough to open your mouths when it rains pottage, I can do nothing for you." So he kicked them out.

I myself thought that our great humorist was merely trying to tell us a Munchhausen tale, but in the course of my investigations in order to understand the machinery of the human mind, I attended six semesters in the law course of the famous University at Ogacich on lake Nagichim. That is what they teach there, not in plain English, lest the Proletariat become restless, but in pidgin Latin, and learned circumlocution.

XI. DISCORDANT SOCIAL INSTINCTS

Is Man a Mosquito, Bee, Ant, Bird or Beaver?

Man's social instincts are the most unstable and discordant of all creatures. They are still in flux. Man not only does not know how to live to best advantage, he does not even know how he wants to live. So he has experimented with numerous forms of social life, but owing to his monumental stupidity, has always landed in some kind of slavery. All animals have developed a social form of life best adapted to their physical organism and to the best interests of their tribe. But when man was created, I suppose Nature was tired and simply wiped the remnants of her wonderful achievements in mortal creation, off the table. Out of this conglomeration grew man, an unorganized mixture of both good and bad, without any definite place or purpose in the world. But each animal has found his proper place and he lives so as to contribute his mite to the music of the spheres. Some animals are almost solitary in habit, others are tribal, others live together in flocks or herds, others in colonies, and some have elaborated the most extensive communistic societies, like the ants, or bees, for example.

In man, the gregarious instincts are probably the strongest, for he cannot endure loneliness, nevertheless he also exhibits strong

individualistic tendencies. The communistic instinct is exceedingly weak and little developed. Likewise the altruistic instinct is very weak. No human creature ever sacrifices himself unquestioningly for the welfare of the social group as does the ant or bee. He never without compulsion gathers anything for the social store and only will bequeath some of his property to the public in return for being honored with a statue in the market-place or fame in the history books. Men are exceedingly vain, they will spend fortunes to compel posterity to read their epitaphs. But man does not even respond to the altruistic motive as readily as does the bull for the herd. The attachment to his children is scarce as strong as that of the hen for her brood. Human mother-love stands on a very low scale in nature. Most European mothers will allow their children to be taken from them and thrown into jail or sent to the trenches without sacrificing their life to protect them as does the hen for her chick. Likewise the African mother allows the white robber to carry her children into slavery without protecting them unto death. But no matter how unequal the fight, nor what the odds, the animal mother's young can only be taken from her over her dead body unless she is tricked into trusting man's deceit.

Of all animals, man protects his offspring the least, he will sacrifice them to his gods, to his religion, to his greed, to his lust. The most heinous crime in animal society is for the parent to snatch the food out of the mouth of its young, but man often lives on the labor of his children. Society in its industrialism sucks the blood of its young and mortgages the whole future of the coming generation to its war-debts. The life of the human young is dreary indeed. His playtime is stolen by the school, or turned into gold by mine or factory, by sweatshop and spinnery, whereas the youth of animals is an endless riot of fun and play-time.

The human society supports all manner of drones, such as kings, generals, standing armies, military dignities, battleships, detectives, lawyers, judges, beaurocrats without number, advertisers, money-lenders, stock-jobbers, preachers, soothsayers, astrologers, dream interpreters, and what not, who perform no economically beneficial service. But human society is not like the bees, who each fall kill off the greater part of the drones in order to keep their proportion in endurable numbers and to get rid of the honey-eaters in winter.

No doubt, if man ever should come to believe in liberty as his natural right like that of any other animal, he would escape most of his miseries. If human society should rid itself of its drones it would save itself half of its labor. If it should awaken from its toil-drunkenness and spend its time in social enjoyment, instead of burrowing in the earth after gold or diamonds, or wallowing in the dirt after gasoline, it might have something of the enjoyments of the animal creation.

Still more, if every man would accept the responsibility for his own life, carve out his own existence, as does every animal, instead of lazily accepting wages or salary, shirking responsibility, and

merely doing what he is told to do; he might hold high his head and feel himself not unworthy of a place in creation.

Man is the worst parasite in nature, more than anything else does he dread the duty of shifting for himself. Promise a man that you will feed him, however poorly, and he will accept any slavery you have a mind to impose upon him. In fact, there are some among them, who preach as their Utopia the shifting of all leadership and responsibility to the State and dream of the time when the State will feed and house the whole tribe. Individual initiative, of which the whole bird-world is bubbling over, casts fear into the hearts of most men. The pioneering spirit is not within them; if you will let him, he will suck the teat of charity till his death without any exertion on his own part, but birds go honey-mooning in the arctic circle and keep a summer-home in Africa. Animals are too proud ever to ask alms of their fellows, if on account of age or injury they can no longer shift for themselves, they lie down and die nobly and refuse to make themselves a burden to their fellows or stand in the way of their happiness. But human society is full of decrepits which beg alms of their fellows. In nature no matured creature has a right to live that is not able to support itself. The old are to give the young a boost, after that it is their duty to die. No old member of the species has any right to rob youth of the joy of its life.

Animals do not offer to sell their bodies or their liberties for food or shelter. If they cannot find food by their own strength, they die, they do not offer to work for wages. They sometimes suffer enslavement from man, but only in yielding to superior force or cunning. You cannot coax a horse into harness with a bundle of hay as you can a man by holding out a meal-ticket. Neither do animals sell their souls for a mess of pottage, as do the intellectuals among mankind.

Should one attempt to take an average of man's conflicting instincts which have fallen to him from various animal forbears, it would seem that they could best be brought into harmony if modelled after some form of social life among the birds. In bird-societies food-getting, nest-building, home-making, etc., are all left to the individual pair or family. They come together in large assemblies chiefly for mutual admiration, but upon occasion, as in the case of the migratory birds, their journeys are undertaken in company. Or, as in the case of crows, food-hunting is sometimes undertaken together, in jolly company, as when a whole flock swoops down upon a plowed field, posts sentinels on the outskirts and gives itself over to the feast.

This form of social life allows the widest scope for individual self-expression, as well as securing the widest reward of social pleasures in keeping company with its fellows. The sum total of the joys of life in such a social structure is incomparably greater than in a communistic ant-colony or the bee-hive. Among the Mammals the beaver tribes have adopted a similar social structure and they have reached a comparatively high civilization. In the

communistic bee-hive the workers contribute the sum total of their labor to the good of the whole and only take a meagre portion for themselves. In the bird-societies the individual labors only for himself, his service to the flock is negligible, but all take the joys of life together and sing each other's praises. The sound of praise also seems sweet to man. So, if the race of man should ever be accepted as one of the permanent orders of life in nature, his social structure will probably settle somewhere between that of birds or beavers, with some elements of the communistic societies.

XII. MAN'S CRUELTY TO HIS FEMALE

The Spittoon-Cleaner.

From the earliest times man has differed from all other animals in his cruelty to his females. He has always treated woman as an inferior, enslaved her and shifted the greatest burden of labor upon her back. No male amongst the animals ever makes the female serve him, or wait upon him, or procure his food, but in the human race the female literally carries the male on her back as her life-long tormentor. She must do all sorts of menial service for him, cook his food, clean his spittoons and wash his linen. Even in early tribal days man's brutality fell heavily upon woman, but in civilized society woman's lot has become incomparably worse. In early days woman was generally the bread-winner and as such enjoyed a considerable economic independence. The old tribal hulk of a male, no matter what his bragging in the market-place, could not get a good meal, unless he was agreeable to his mate at home. In civilized society woman is not considered the bread-winner, even though the bulk of toil lies upon her shoulders, she is merely the servant of man or the plaything of his lust, for marriage deprives woman of her economic equality and independence. She has no share, nor voice, or real partnership, in her husband's business, she is not even allowed to spend her own earnings according to her own desires without giving an account to her lord and master. Even in well-to-do families a man does not pay his wife as much wages as he does his butler or chauffeur.

In animal society all children are lawful, but in human society only the children licensed by the State are legal. All others are bastards and are violently persecuted both by social ostracism and the State. They are disinherited by law and life-long contumely is heaped upon them, even though nature has not condemned them with endowments inferior to the children legalized by the State. In human society woman becomes an outcast, not by doing violence to her God-given instincts, but by merely forgetting to have rice and old shoes thrown at her, while submission to a repulsive male who has paid the wedding-fee is considered her acme of chastity. It is not so in nature, for among animals sexual congress without love and mutual desire is held the "unnatural crime" of which none but man is guilty. There is no rape, no prostitution, no auction of the sanctuary of the soul and no venereal disease among the

animals. They are the fruits of the Christian civilization with its wage-slavery, its poverty, its industrial exploitation, its compulsory military service, its prisons and its holy crusades.

The highest law in the universe is the female mating-instinct. Upon it depends the existence of the species and therefore nature has endowed it with the most wonderful prescience and hedged it in with the strongest safeguards. Woman, where she is free from economic or social, or religious compulsion, does not willingly mate with disease nor anything less than a god. Nature creates a superfluity of males in order that the female may have her choice of the best. Everywhere in nature the right of the male is far below that of the female, her universal law is "Women and children and their welfare first." Everything else comes after, even man with his sacraments and conceits.

XIII. HUMAN BLOODTHIRSTINESS (THE WHITE PLAGUE)

From Paradise to Packinghouse.

Another erratic peculiarity of the human race is its wanton cruelty and unbelievable bloodthirstiness. If a caterpillar or a worm cross the path of one of these humans, it is immediately crushed to death. Human children catch butterflies and tear them limb from limb for sport. If accidentally they scare up a rabbit they immediately chase it to death. If they find a bird's nest, they destroy the eggs. Any flower that blooms they will pluck, they burn down the forests: in short, they kill what they can for the mere sake of killing. Their greatest sports are their hunting expeditions in which they shoot numberless deer, rabbits, doves, quails, partridges, ducks and geese. There is no living thing safe from their attacks anywhere. Their painters and poets glorify war and the chase.

The lairs of these humans are filled with the skins of animals and with cut flowers and broken branches as ornaments. Everywhere they exhibit the trophies of their destruction. And their women are no less cruel than the males. They think it great honor to receive bundles of broken blossoms from their admirers and they bedeck themselves with the carcasses of birds and the furs of other animals. In times of war often they drive the men back into battle and their great "women's magazines" in war-time represent the blood-stained helmet of the enemy as the trophy most of all desired by Christian maidens. Companies of young girls go out upon the street to pin white feathers upon some other girl's lover in order to force him into war.

Five hundred moons ago the Western continent was a paradise, covered with forests and with steppes, the home of the buffalo and beaver and deer and turkey. Then came the White Plague over the country. They murdered the Red tribes, which had done little damage in nature. They rooted up the forests and exterminated the buffalo and beaver. Today the whole land is nothing but piles of stones, barren rock, slag, puddles of oil, ugly sky-scrapers, cement and coal-dust, barbed wire and iron rails. Their cities reek with the stench of their slaughter-houses and their factories.

But most cruel they are to each other. All their gods are monsters of cruelty which can be appeased only by human sacrifices. Moloch had children for breakfast. To Jehovah, Jephtha sacrificed his daughter, and in the Christian theology they even have a God who would be appeased by nothing but the slaughter of his own son.

But most noticeable is their bloodthirstiness when the delusion of war overtakes them. And it is the most civilized nations which are the most bloodthirsty and stage the most extensive killings. Their most approved way of fighting is hand to hand combat with bayonets. The people at home are never satisfied until their soldiers thus meet the enemy. They must show him the cold steel. No victory is accounted worth anything except that in which the corpses can be counted by the tens of thousands. Civilized warfare means man's disemboweling of each other with the bayonet, for civilized peoples frown upon any method of warfare which makes killing painless or is accomplished at long distance. Once upon a time when they had a conference to make laws of war, it was proposed to introduce methods of asphyxiation, this was howled down as inhuman, because it would make the soldier's death painless. No soldier can be considered a hero unless he has been tangled up in the entrails of his antagonist. There used to be great opposition to firearms in war, but they were finally permitted when it was seen that a bullet, or a shell, could spatter human brains all over the combatants. Likewise, when it was proposed to sink ships secretly by electric currents, this raised a great outcry, for the sailors would then find a painless grave in the sea. No method of sea-warfare is permitted by civilized peoples save such as will blow up the ships with shells that scatter the entrails of the sailors upon the deck or scald them to death in the engine-room.

XIV. HUMAN TRICKERY AND DECEITFULNESS

The Humane Society and the Judas-Kiss.

Among all animals, the humans are the most faithless and treacherous. Their whole life may be said to be a lie and a bundle of deceit. No animal can ever trust man, for it will find him a deceiver in the end. Even the dog, which trusts so implicitly, finds that his master has a bullet for him. There is not any animal with which man makes friend, whose head he will not finally cut off. And he always does his killing deceitfully. He holds out bits of delicacies, but underneath it is his trap. If he would fight fair, like the lion, the shark, or the tiger, other animals might take proper precaution against him. But there is always a hook in his bait. How many millions of fish has man lured to an untimely end by his trickery! And he calls fishing fine sport. Everywhere he uses soft words toward his fellow-animals, but there is murder in his heart. He uses decoys and bell-wethers, to lead bird and sheep into his snare and murder-machines. All his pretended kindness towards animals is a Judas-kiss.

And he practices his trickeries upon plants as well as upon animals. He plucks their flowers before they have set fruit and stews them by the million in his retorts to steal their fragrance. He stimulates or deprives them of their sexual organs and turns them all into monstrosities. Pears, peaches and oranges he has so

perverted that their seed is no longer able to propagate itself like the wild species. Likewise he has abused numberless flowers, from lily and anemone to rose and hollyhock. He has changed their chaste, but wonderfully beautiful corollas, into hideous balls or monstrous doubles. For man has no eye for beauty and grace, he is nothing but a beast of destruction upon the face of the earth.

As man's mind, so is his body, like unto his inner self, the most hideous of creatures, especially that of the male. It is a crooked heap of bones which he must hide under clothes lest his degradation be seen. It is only for a few moons that even his virgins possess bodies with lines of grace comparable to other animals. Animals maintain the grace and beauty of their bodies till the time of their death, but after the first matings man's grace of form is gone and he wanders around upon the earth as a living skeleton or scare-crow.

XV. THE CULT OF TORTURE

"Lex Taliones" and the CHRISTIAN HATE.

The Christian civilization is founded upon vengeance and the intensive cult of torture. The hate of modern civilized peoples is endless. The Barbarians scalped their victims, or roasted and ate them. Later as men became more civilized, they used the rack, the cross, the wheel, or quartered the captives of their justice, but under all these circumstances death soon set free their victims from any further suffering. But the prisons of civilized society torture their victims for years and years on end, and if by chance one of them should become sick, they send them to a hospital to nurse them back to health in order that they may complete the number of years of torture allotted to them. All the punishments of civilized society are especially designed to degrade and hack to pieces the soul of man. Few are criminals at heart when they are first sent to prison, but none ever escape except seared in soul and mortally wounded in their better nature. The bloodlust of the animal is hot and fierce, even the passion of the mob is but momentary, but the bloodlust of civilized society is cold and calculating and as relentless as religious animosity. The animal soon forgets his hate and desire for revenge, but the Christian State never forgets. If a man escapes from their prisons, flees to a new country and lives the life of a model citizen for twenty years, as soon as he is discovered he is thrown back into the dungeon. Men hold nothing so sacred as the torture which they have decreed upon their fellow-men.

The old *lex taliones* of primitive society was "loaf for loaf, eye for eye, tooth for tooth," but civilized law is years of penitentiary for stealing a loaf, and it is death for disobedience to military service. Among primitive peoples society was satisfied with actual justice, it strictly forbade the taking of vengeance (Lev. 19:17). "Thou shalt not take vengeance. If a man cause a blemish in his neighbor, as he hath done, so shall it be done to him: breach for breach," etc. Restitution for the damage done was all that was exacted (Lev. 24:19), but modern law is nearly all vengeance. Even those merely accused of crime, must submit to the indignities

of the police-systems, have their photograph and finger-prints taken for the rogue's gallery. The whole administration of justice in modern society is designed to trample a man's dignity into the mud and inflict mortal wounds in his soul. Look at the lion in the cage, proud monarch of the desert when free, but crushed and broken, or furious and snarling, behind the bars. So no man can be put behind the bars without suffering degradation of soul. There are asylums for the feeble-minded, the defective and the perverted, to keep them from doing harm, but a prison has no excuse except as the fruit of hate and the desire to inflict torture. And civilized society always seeks out the most fiendish ways of torture. To the well-educated prisoner it denies newspapers, books and writing-materials, allows him only a monthly or weekly letter. Such things drive the dagger deepest into the sensitive soul. And the wife of such an unfortunate can stand at the prison-gate and beg for a view of her beloved, but the iron gate opens not and the wire screen allows no loving touch from mate or child. One of old hath said, "What God hath joined together, let no man part asunder," but the first thing which Christian justice does is to part a loving wife from her husband and decrees that her children shall grow up orphans and that she and her loved ones shall fight the battle with poverty alone. The Turk is harsh in his punishments, but it is easy to bribe the Turkish jailer, a little greasing of the palm is sufficient to make life endurable in Mohammedan prisons, but who can bribe Christian justice to take a leaning towards mercy? It takes its oath upon the Bible which says, "Judge not," and then proceeds to tear the human soul limb from limb in those places where they allow one man to sit in judgment upon another, which they proudly call "Halls of Justice." Once upon a time the people wrested the right of trial by jury from their rulers. Twelve men of their own peers were to stand between the judge and the accused, but modern juries exist only to listen to the judge's opinion of the law and to O. K. his dictum.

XVI. PROGRESSIVE DEGENERATION

From Head-Hunter to Bayonet Drill.

The White Man's civilization is a progressive degeneration into deeper and deeper brutality. In their days of Barbarism, the natural animal instincts of man still somewhat checked his brutality, but these checks are lost in the white man's civilization. Animals have an instinctive respect for the sacredness of life, which is altogether absent from civilized men. Animals protect their offspring as long as they can and shield the mother and her young from danger so far as is in their power. In wild nature no pregnant mother ever goes hungry, she is, in addition, nearly always immune from the attack of the natural enemies of the species, but among civilized races millions of mothers have neither sufficient food for themselves, nor for their infants, neither is their labor lightened in cannery or department store, in cotton-mill or clothing factory. Modern industrial society docks the wages and penalizes its wage-slaves for child-bearing, for weddings and for funerals; the mills of men have no time to stop that the purposes of God may be accomplished in the world.

Likewise, modern warfare is infinitely more brutal in design and spirit than the warfare of barbarians. This is the law of war among the ancients: "And it shall be when ye draw nigh unto battle . . . the officers shall speak unto the people, saying, What man is there that hath built a new house and hath not dedicated it? let him go and return to his house, lest he die in battle, and another man dedicate it. And what man is there that hath planted a vineyard, and hath not used the fruit thereof? let him go and return unto his house, lest he die in battle and another man use the fruit thereof. And what man is there that hath betrothed a wife, and hath not taken her? let him go and return unto his house, lest he die in the battle, and another man take her. And the officers shall further speak unto the people, and they shall say, What man is there that is fearful and fainthearted? let him go and return unto his house." (Deut. 20:2-8.) The primitive tribe knew instinctively that it could not afford to jeopardize its choicest youths in battle. It sent home the lover to his sweetheart, the home-builder to his hearthstone, it sent back all the idealists to whom the slaughter of the trenches was repulsive, it spared all the refined and sensitive souls, who shrunk from killing and left in the army only the superfluous males, those of murderous and bloodthirsty instincts. Thus the ravages of war cut off only the bloodthirsty out of the tribe and left the nobler-minded to propagate the race. But civilized peoples are not content to let the bloodthirsty volunteer for combat, they conscript into their armies all the peace-loving and better-minded youth of the land, they tear away all lovers from their sweethearts, their murder-trumpet bids the young home-builder cease his work and commands the young husbandman to leave his plow, to join in the dance of death.

So also, in olden times, the armies in the field often let their chief braggadocios, their generals and kings, decide the battle in single combat, as in the case of David and Goliath. Likewise, the ancient king was required to lead his army into battle in person, he must himself brave the greatest danger, or no soldier would fight for him. In those days the human battle was still something like the animal fights, a contest of valor, which degenerated into butchery only in the heat of passion. Two herds of cattle will fight when they meet, chiefly for the right of pasturage, yet they do not insist on mortal combat, but man never thinks war worth while, except by killing his fellow-man. His victory tastes bitter to him till he can hear his brother's death-rattle. But the animal, which finds that he has killed a fellow-member of the herd, slinks away conscience-stricken and cannot be found for days. The civilized battle is simply an orgy of machine murder ordered by cowards far from the danger-line. What modern general ever came within twenty miles of a battle, or heard a bullet whistle or had a horse shot from under him? Modern kings would not be quite so ready to send their millions into war, were they themselves to face cannon and musket and bayonet.

Some civilized peoples pride themselves upon their right to vote, but none of them possess the right to vote whether they shall make war or not, even in democracies that is a right reserved exclusively for their rulers. But in animal society no beast can send

another beast into battle. Only humans are subject to this death-duty at the whims of their autocrats, but animals are not like men, they are free.

In barbarous times the right to asylum was universal. The slave could flee to another country and there he was protected. The laws of hospitality required the host to protect the stranger against mob-violence (Gen. 19:1-10) and the law of old Israel was "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master a servant that is escaped from his master unto thee: he shall dwell with thee, in the midst of thee, in the place which he shall choose within one of thy gates, where it pleaseth him best; thou shalt not oppress him" (Deut. 23:15, 16), but the modern nations deport and persecute all foreigners living among them, there is nowhere on the earth a place of asylum for the white man persecuted by the autocrat of the country that rules over him. The American government will deliver up every subject of the British king who has fled from his yoke. Thus do all the nations with those who seek freedom.

XVII. PARASITISM

Feasting the Drones.

Not only is the whole human race altogether parasitic in nature both upon plants and animals, but there is endless inter-racial parasitism, a thing totally unknown in the animal world. No animal ever enslaves a member of its own species. Among the humans, the rich are nothing but parasites upon the labor of the poor. Great hordes of beaurocrats fasten themselves upon the highly developed social structure. All these office-holders are useless to a real self-functioning social order. When people get the law-making mania, they must pay for it by an ever increasing crop of policemen, judges, detectives, clerks, lawyers, court-printers, etc., for every new statute to enforce it.

But one of the worst forms of parasitism is that among the poorer people the old universally live upon their children. In all well-developed animal societies there comes a time when the old and young part company. Such a thing as the young supporting the old is utterly unknown among them. An animal would die of shame before it would eat the bread of its children. After caring for their offsprings the proper length of time, they absolutely leave the young to their own enjoyment of life and never in any way hinder or interfere with them or allow themselves to become a burden. But in human society there is scarce a home among the poor which does not harbor an old discontented woman or man, who makes life miserable for the younger generation, or at any rate is a heavy burden to support. But so great is ancestor-worship among the humans that they profess it a great privilege to have such an aged decrepit in their homes, for their religion is that suffering is ennobling to the soul and cross-bearing a great privilege. Yet human misery would no doubt be vastly less if the young would let the old shift for themselves, as nature meant that they should, for the promise of life is to youth, and old age has no right to rob the young of a single ounce of it.

XVIII. MEN AT PLAY

What does the Mirror Tell?

One of the queerest spectacles in the world is to watch civilized man in his amusements. Their most popular entertainment is "jazz" or vaudeville. The actors on the stage try to act crazy, pretend they are animals, paint their faces black, or parade in war-paint. Yet if one goes into an insane asylum, where people actually are crazy, one looks in vain to see them do the crazy things that are done on the stage. I have never seen a cow stand on her head, but one can see multitudes of human actors try to stand on their heads on the stage, attempting to spill out their brains. To crawl on all fours, to roll on their belly, to hop on one foot, to kick the moon: such are the things which get greatest applause in the theatres of civilized peoples. Possibly because they unconsciously behold there their real image: a dunce. Animals are great for play and they delight in every sort of mimicry, but it is only man that can play the fool and applaud himself for it.

XIX. DEBTS

What Moth and Rust Cannot Corrupt.

Every bird has his twig, the fox his hole and the myriad insects have each their velvet-home in fee-simple and tax-exempt by free endowment of Nature, but the son of man has not where to lay his head, for the king and the landlord have stolen his birthright. Animals have no debts, neither do they mortgage their winter-stores, their future labor, their nest, nor their lairs. But among all the self-mortifications which men indulge, they hold their debts pre-eminently sacred. The greatest part of the machinery of human government is taken up with the enforcement of debt-claims. Any court will give to any Shylock his pound of flesh, though if the merchant's or banker's speculations turn out badly, he may go into bankruptcy and be freed of all future obligation. If the debtor be a poor man, however, his debts will be a lien upon his wages forever.

The French peasant who invested his money in the Panama Canal lost it and the Americans reaped the benefit. But the French banker who lent money to the Czar of Russia to maintain his rule of the knout and to make war, can call upon the whole Christian world to collect these debts for him from the Russian peasant. The only absolutely safe investment on earth is in war-loans, for nations are not suffered to go into bankruptcy and what the parents cannot pay may be collected from the children and their children. England is still paying interest on the Napoleonic war-debts and the Americans will not get their Liberty out of bondage for many generations, and the German children had better wait to be born till after the Reparations have been paid.

In olden times the people delivered a tenth part of their produce to the church as tithes, the king collected seven per cent more and other dignitaries got the "little thithes," etc. In modern states the people pay seven per cent to the stock-jobbers, to keep their stocks well watered and they pay from twenty to sixty per cent tribute to their merchant-princes, their oil-kings and coal-

barons. The production cost of their articles of commerce is barely one-third of what the consumer pays for them, the rest goes to middlemen. Their age is the age of "business," the greatest tribute-paying age the world has ever seen.

A thrifty young man among them invests his savings in a home. But he must repair the wear of the building and finally, when it becomes too old, replace it with a new one. In the course of time his "capital" has disappeared by natural disintegration of the house. And as a house wears out, so does machinery, and all of real capital is thus wiped out by the ravages of time. But time can never wipe out human obligations, at least not in Christian lands. The other young man invested his savings in railroad stock, he and his heirs and assigns can draw dividends forever, he does not have to renew locomotives, rails or roadbed. He was wise; he did not lend the railroad actual capital, he only lent the sign of it, viz., money, and moth and rust cannot corrupt money. If the railroad business is not good, the State pays him interest, even though his stock be heavily water-logged. If railroading is good, he can collect "all the traffic will bear." For all their public utilities men pay not only the cost of service and depreciation of plant, but they must pay an annual tribute to the stockholders. Though the pipes of the water-system have long ago rusted out and been replaced out of the pockets of the consumers, and the locomotives been replaced by better ones, all this only progressively increases the obligation of the public to pay more interest on the increased valuations. Modern civilization thinks there is nothing equal to the private toll-railroads for public travel. The old robber baron on the Rhine could not collect a tithe of the tribute from the shipping of that river which modern society so proudly pays to its privately owned railroads and coal mines. But this private possession of the earth and the means of livelihood is only a modern invention among men. Primitive society held all land and all the natural resources in common, precisely as do all animal societies. Among the un-christianized Hebrews all land-titles came automatically to an end in the year of Jubilee, which was every fiftieth year, and all money-debts ceased automatically every seventh year.

XX. THE INTELLECTUALS

*The Hand, the Stomach and the Tape-Worm.
Standing in Line for a Yoke.*

In the ancient Greek and Roman Empires, as a rule only the slaves could read and write and were educated, for knowledge is not power, but it makes a better work-horse and therefore among the civilized nations the educated classes always have had the least power. The wage-slaves often combine and their unions sometimes become very powerful, but in an age of universal exploitation the salary-slave is the meekest timber there is. As a class the intellectuals use their knowledge not for their own benefit, neither for that of the public good, all their knowledge is used exclusively in the interest of their masters and according to the dictates of the powers that rule. It is true, the salary-slave holds the wage-slave in much contempt, as the church-mouse looks down upon its brother in the field. The Intellectual is the special pet of the ruling in-

terests, the blood-hound of Legree to bite the Proletariat. He would not hurt the hand that feeds him, nor unmask the robber to the robbed. The Intellectual wears better clothes than the artisan, but the artisan takes his family to the beach Saturday afternoons in a flivver, when the Intellectual follows after on the trolley-car. The artisan eats ham and eggs for breakfast, the Intellectual eats health-bran, and, much sooner than the artisan, is the Intellectual compelled to live off his children or his relations. Who ever heard of a high-school teacher earning a salary equal to that of a plumber or brick-layer? But the incongruity is not so much in their rewards as in the nature of the relation of their work. The bricklayer and plumber do honorable work, they create things useful to society and they take their orders only from their equals, they work under a boss who knows something of the trade, but the teacher in a high school or university always takes his orders from an inferior. The expert in history must teach, not the result of careful investigation, but such fables as the Loyalty League believes in. The scientist must not arrive at Darwinian conclusions for the Board of Directors are orthodox Christians. Then there is the host of public school teachers, they are subject to school boards consisting of the lowest politicians of the ward, who decide the amount of their salary in Hinky Dink's saloon. One would think that those who give their toil would have the sense to name the price for which they will sweat, but even the professor of Economics humbly petitions his Board of Venerable Ignoramusses for an increase in salary. The merchant, though he toils not, neither does he spin, always sets his own price for his cloth and other wares, but the farmer, the laborer, the clerk, the manager and the teacher stand hat in hand humbly waiting upon what crumbs their masters are willing to dole out.

It is on account of this lack of independence and assertion of the solidarity of their class that the lot of Intellectuals in all civilized countries is so despicable. The common wage-worker merely gives his muscle-power for his wage. If he likes his work, he may take some pleasure in doing it well. But the Intellectual is hired chiefly to prevaricate for the interests of his exploiters. As sales agent he must praise the shoddy of his firm. As preacher or teacher he must sanctify the current delusions of popular belief. As a lawyer he must keep his crooked clients out of jail. As reporter and news-writer, or editor, he must color and camouflage and manufacture the news as suits the particular propaganda of the government or the interests of the money-power. As magazine contributor he must sugar-coat the poison of the chief advertiser. As advertising writer he must convince the public that vinegar is sweet. In modern society, as the wage-worker is paid to sweat, so the Intellectual is paid to lie, for his master. The Intellectuals are the buttress of modern capitalism against the demands of the wage-slave for better conditions in life. They must forever find new arguments that the hand must feed the stomach of the social organism, but they must never mention the tapeworm therein. The chief duty of the press and the pulpit is to teach the proletariat that a job is a blessing and that the work-giver is a benefactor to mankind. The ass is stupid, but he knows that the burden on his back is not his blessing, the horse does not seek a rider, and the ox does not stand in line to beg for a yoke, for animals are not fools like men. They who have heaven's lamp should have shown the captives the way out of their prison,

but only He of Nazareth "proclaimed release to the captives, good tidings to the poor, and healing for the bruised," all the rest have betrayed the hopes of the poor. They have shackled the cry for freedom, they have used their knowledge to cheat the poor out of the heritage of their toil. Indeed, tyranny and oppression, and injustice, would soon come to an end among mankind if the Intellectuals did not fortify it with their knowledge and their education. How long could the merchant-princes carry on their business, the financial magnates succeed in their schemes of plucking the public, the war-makers put over their propaganda, if they could not hire the brains of the Intellectuals? And why are the common people always so helpless whenever they attempt to run a store or factory co-operatively, except for the fact that the Intellectuals sabotage the enterprises of the people?

It is bad to eat one's bread with the salt of tears, it is worse to eat it at the cost of the decay of the inner man, yet such is the lot of the Intellectual in civilized society. He remains silent when he knows he ought to speak. The horny-handed son of toil goes home to his cottage at night, weary from overwork, but with a good conscience, for his work at least hath not hurt his fellow-man, but the Intellectual cannot earn his salary unless he keeps back part of the truth from his unenlightened brother, he must lay his master's snares to catch the unwary, he must poison the minds of children with race hatred and military lust, in war-time he must be the atrocity-monger of the nation. That mother is hard-hearted who denies her children's cry for bread, but what of him that denies the people's cry for truth, and all that suffering humanity did ask of the Intellectuals during its six years of agony (four of war and two of peace), was "O tell us only what you know," but they all, with one consent, were silent.

XXI. THE GOSPEL OF TOIL

Canary-Song vs. the Boiler Factory.

Not only is the Christian civilization a great plague and destruction in nature, it is itself becoming ever more ugly and deformed. Nature cares only for that which is sleek and fat, for red cheeks and ruddy lips. Wherever the bloom of health is gone she sends her scavengers, the bacteria, to disintegrate the corpse. She wants no coughing males, no narrow-hipped or flabby-breasted females. But no creatures have ever so despised well-being, grace and comeliness of body as the toil-drunken peoples of the White race. There are few animals which do not spend more than half their time in preening their feathers, or smoothing their fur. Neglect of their toilet always is a certain sign of disease among animals. The God of Nature was an artist and he meant that his world should be exceedingly beautiful, clean and healthy, but there are thousands upon thousands of human wives who have never seen their husbands out of their working clothes. There are millions of husbands who never saw their wives in silk stockings or dancing frocks and party gowns.

The cult of beauty is one of the chief ends of the living creation. Nature loves to grow flowers, she wants every woman to shine as the rose and every man to be handsome as a god, but in a Chicago slaughter-house, a Pittsburg steel-furnace, a Virginia mine, a New

York sweat-shop, a Philadelphia department store, there bloom no flowers: they all grind human flesh. In none of these places can the human organism blossom out into its natural grace and lithesomeness. Modern civilization in its factories and workshops wallows in unspeakable grime and filth, in dirt and dust, and bedlam din, but nature is clean, and the dandelion seed sails in zephyr breeze, and the forest air is pure and sweet, wherein dwell nature's children and the young of birds and animals are at play, while the young of humans pick coal at the tippie, tend cotton spindles or sit bent over sewing machines or breathe second-hand air, dust and germs in school or department store. But nature cares naught for the work of man's hands, for pyramids and sky-scrapers and tombstones: Adonis and Venus are her gods and goddesses. Youth, beauty, laughter and play are her ends. When any creature spends more time in work than in play, its race-life is near its end. Toil is the suicide of the race, for nature is not willing that any of her children should be condemned into work-beasts. Therefore all the peoples which built great cities by the toil of its millions of slaves have died as the curse of this toil. Egypt and Babylon, and Assyria and Greece and Rome all were civilizations built upon the toil of slaves and therefore nature has utterly wiped them out. And all the toil of modern millions is only the feverish digging of its grave by the white race.

The black race has never been afflicted with this toil-drunkenness, and though grievously oppressed by the white race since the days of Pharaoh, it still survives, though Pharaoh is dead and the desert sands blow over his tomb. The great CREATIVE INSTINCT in the world planned the earth as a garden, a Paradise, where bride and bridegroom should meet, for life, as the prophet of God hath said, is meant to be an "eternal wedding-feast" and those who have no time for feasting are unworthy of heaven's gift. The ancient barbarians still remembered something of the laws of nature from the time of their animal ancestors. They wrote into one of their law-books thus, "When a man taketh a new wife, he shall not go out in the host, neither shall he be charged with any business: he shall be free at home one year, and shall cheer his wife whom he hath taken." (Deut. 24:5.)

When Nature endowed the animal creation with freedom of movement, she did a marvelous thing: every motion, every exertion for the good of the organism she fortified with pleasurable sensations, with zest and delight in them, she made the way to well-being at the same time the road of pleasure and delectation of life. But, conversely, every act harmful to the organism's existence she coupled with pain, with lassitude, with repugnance, with tiredness and lack of interest. Nature not only gave food to the animal world, she made it taste good in addition, and even the search for food she accompanied with pleasing sensations, as also she added joy to nest-building, to selection of roosting-place and the hunt for shelter. *Only that is good in nature which tastes good, feels good, smells good, awakens curiosity, or offers any other satisfaction to the numberless instincts with which living creatures are endowed.*

But man heeds none of these things. His conscience lashes him on to further toil when he is tired and keeps him at the same task when he would rather do something else. He feels guilty to take

a holiday in the middle of the week. His churches appoint fast-days on which man must touch nothing that does him good. Man thinks the way to heaven is along the road of self-mortification. Nature calls no evil good, calls no pain a blessing and endures no other hardships than those which she cannot circumvent.

Man's hands have been endowed with a wide range of creative capacity, and while his artistic instinct is by no means equal to that of plants or birds, he is pre-eminent in this among the mammals. So he can enjoy much that many other creatures must go without. Man can construct many things pleasing to behold, he can make miniatures of everything around him, and this is a source of great satisfaction. He can make numberless things with which to play, wagons to ride on, skates to whirl on, ladders to climb up with, ropes to swing on, boats to sail in and so forth. Now everything is good in nature which widens the possibilities of play. Travel is good if the goal be a holiday or an excursion, but travel is wicked if the goal is work, or the accomplishing of some unwelcome task, for nature has made every task that benefits life a welcome task, a delight of exertion.

And if the white man would perform no more labor save such as is pleasing to him while engaged in it, the earth could endure him, for then it would still be green. The river-banks would not be hideous with the offal of his mines and factories, the landscape would not be disfigured with sign-boards and he would not plaster down his cement where grass has the right to grow.

One of the few endowments of man which is not evil is his creative instinct, for the exercise of this faculty is ennobling, but the Christian civilization has nearly rooted out this natural endowment of man. With what eager interest does the uncontaminated boy whittle out a boat, and what zest there is in trying to make it float, or what sacrifices does he not make to construct a toy engine, or cart, or a pair of stilts, but modern civilization cuts off all this natural creative activity of the boy and sends him to school, where he is not allowed to do anything according to his bent, but where his lessons are given him and teachers are never satisfied, unless they can feel that their lessons are a real task.

The boy of civilized countries is greatly handicapped compared with the boy among savages, who does not have to go to school. The savage boy learns everything that his elders know in play or by natural contact with them. He cuts his own bow and fashions his own arrow and reaps the joy of making these things and acquiring skill in their use, but the civilized boy has all his playthings bought for him. The savage boy learns to know every track and foot-print in forest and jungle, he knows the nature, the habitat, the whole life-history of every bird and insect and animal about him. He reads and understands the quiver of every leaf and the flutter of every wing. The dawn, the sunset and the sky are open books to him. But the civilized boy has to consult his wrist-watch to find out whether the sun is setting or rising, he cannot tell whether the moon is old or young, he is like the weather-bureau, which can predict a rain-storm or a clearing only on the day after it has happened.

Then when he is through school, the civilized boy enters the factory or machine-shop, or he becomes a juggler of figures in a

mercantile establishment, or a stacker of green paper in a bank: the days of toy-boat and toy-housebuilding are over: the chance for the exercise of the creative instinct has come to an end, except in spare hours, to clutter up the patent-office with useless inventions.

In the days of the artisan guilds there was still much opportunity for the exercise of the creative instinct. The artisan had the opportunity to make more than one kind of a chair or table, he could experiment to some extent with the labor of his hands and accordingly each age in the past produced its distinctive type of architecture, furniture and art. But modern civilization is barren of any art of its own, it has not created a single distinctive type of furniture, but must live on Queen Anne, or Elizabeth. And as the modern architect only draws blue-prints, but saws no board with his own hands, and lays no mortar, so he can create nothing new: for new creations arise only when hand and brain can work together. The modern architect has produced nothing that can equal the ancient Greek or Roman, or Moorish, or Gothic, nor even that of the Chinese or Japanese or the Mission Fathers of California. All he can do is to juggle the old styles and build a square box with filigree like a skyscraper. He cannot even design a house with the charm of the old English or Saxon cottage, and when the sands of time have wept away the Christian civilization, neither Sphinx nor Pyramid nor Coliseum will be left to tell the tale, nothing but mole-hills, slag-heaps and gopher-tunnels in the mountains to give testimony to the white man's progressive degeneration.

They say that the hog wallows in mud, but in all nature there is nothing so grimy, so filthy, so dirty as the civilized nations. All the animals always wear a fine clean coat of hair or feathers, they have no working-clothes: they wear nothing but Sunday-suits, but man goes dirty to work and comes home dirtier still. He is consumptive and haggard, and bony and bent, eats his cold lunch out of a dinner-pail while the birds have a jubilant feast of the crumbs. While all nature is frolicking in the sun and jubilant with play and laughter and song, man preaches the gospel of work, and ever more work. And when he can think of nothing else to add to his burden, he changes his railroad time table so as to throw the habits of a whole community into confusion, or he re-routes his street-car lines so that the poor cannot find their way to work.

However, it were none of our concern, and I should not discourse upon these things, if, in plotting toil, men only plagued themselves, but because in their sweat and their sin of hard labor they also plague the earth, we must consider their deeds in our councils. We would not mind their wars, if only their own tribe suffered, their corpses make good food for worm and for plant, and their lives are a good deal more worthless in nature than they imagine. If they want to throw their lives away, the world shall be no poorer for it, if their sin stopped there. But all the trees they cut down and shoot to pieces in war, all the birds they drive from their homes in shrub and hedge, all the flowers they destroy, all the innocent horses they kill and wound: these are the things that are crying to heaven. If man's sin fell only upon himself, he would receive his just reward, but whenever any creature fails to fulfill its purpose in nature, fails to respond to the ends for which it was created, the rest of creation always bears the greater penalty.

And though nature is long-suffering and patient, her final decree of extinction of the offending race is unalterable. Behold that work-drunk boob with his axe, how he labors and nearly loses his breath in trying to drag that noble tree into his paper-mill? His aching back and stiff joints are his deserts, but the tree has paid for man's sin with its life and therefore there is judgment coming for man in nature.

So at the conclusion of my studies I walked over to the Great Assize where Nemesis holds court in order to see how the Mighty Ones of the earth are judged.

XXII. NEMESIS

The Police-Judge and the Supreme Court of Nature.

This court is not like the courts of men who say that justice comes by maceration of the soul, for Nature is like unto the God of the Preacher of the Sermon on the Mount, a Father that wishes well to all his creatures, even men, who punishes none and causes his sun to shine upon the good and the evil, who pardons the Prodigal and is patient with the Elder statesmen. In nature there is no retribution, but all must reap that which they sow, but nowhere in nature comes good out of evil, or virtue out of imprisonment and revenge. Nature blots out that which is unfit and consigns to oblivion the race that disregards the brotherhood of all things that are alive, and he that wantonly plucks a flower or fells a tree before its promise is fulfilled, is guilty of murder.

As I entered the great halls where the destiny of races and species are fixed, I beheld Mother Nature bleeding from the wounds which the Christian civilization had inflicted upon her, and upon her bosom there lay the Goddess of Liberty, whose eyes the Christian Judges had gouged out. It was a sight from which I shrank, but it is the duty of the scientist even to search into the mysteries of putrefaction, yet the stench of Christian hypocrisy is well nigh unbearable. In the name of him who commanded them to "love their enemies," they preach a holy crusade of bloodshed. In the name of him who preached "release to captives," they throw into prison those who refuse to go with them to the killing, and in the name of "Liberty" they hand-cuff those who hold dear the weal of mankind and bow not to the worship of the War-Ogre.

First I saw a great multitude brought in, who were stained with blood all over, for they had thrust their bayonets into the bodies of their brothers who had done them no harm and whom they had never seen before, but they had followed the mob to do evil, or had been conscripted by the insane stampede, to provoke death for the glory of their commanders. But though their hands were red with murder, they were forgiven as sheep that had been led astray by their shepherds.

But next came those that on earth were clothed in gold and purple, much fewer in number, whose hands were not hardened in toil, nor their bodies bent by labor, but their hearts were hard, their souls shriveled and their springs of compassion dried up, these stood naked in the deformity and ugliness of their inner self before the awful Court of Nature. Great Rameses, king of Egypt and Assyria, was there. He had sent his armies to battle while he lay

in the lap of courtesans. He had cut off the breasts of the virgins his minions had made captive. Beside him stood the merchant-princes, lords of ten-thousand wage-slaves, whose wages they had kept so low, they could buy no silk for a wedding-dress, nor food enough to bloom in youthful health, nor left them time for leisure to dance with their lovers. He who darkens woman's wedding-day, robs Nature of her Holy of Holies. Nature forgives all that is forgiven by woman's love, but he who robs a virgin of the bloom of her cheeks, whether by rape or by hard work, hath never forgiveness anywhere.

Also I saw the judges judged, who had sent their fellow-men to the dungeons and the gallows, and with them stood the detectives and the stool-pigeons. And Judas was there, who betrayed the Christ and he that betrayed the hopes of the world.

Lastly, I beheld a great company in robes of penitence and ashes on their head. They had asked one Jesus of Nazareth to make intercession for them. They had been the favored ones of the race, for to them had been given the gift of knowledge that they might be the light of the earth, but out of fear and cowardice they had hid their light. And when the multitude became drunk with madness to crush Liberty, they gave not their bodies to stand in the breach to save the nation, for the stuff of martyrs was not within them.

XXIII. THE ECONOMY OF MORTAL LIFE

Immortals that Seek to Become Mortal.

I have so far given a faithful report of man's shortcoming in nature, but each creature also has its excellencies and in conclusion I will mention some that attach to the human race. Indeed, man's shortcomings are altogether due to his own stupidity and not to any lack of natural endowment. Creative Nature ever tries something new and only time can tell whether her experiments prove successful or not, and though it is very doubtful that man will prove worthy to live, nevertheless, the human physical organism has many advantages not possessed by other animals.

The human body is especially constructed for a great wealth of pleasurable sensations. There is a far larger variety of foods which taste good to man, than is possible to any other creature. Also, his ear is well-developed and can send his whole being into a quiver of musical ecstasy unknown even to the birds. Of all animals, man alone seems to possess the capacity to dance to music, and when this is combined with youthful sex-attraction, man is enabled to drink heaven's strongest wine from lily-chalices.

Likewise, the human eye is fairly responsive to harmonies of color and grace of form, and so coupled with his creative capacity, he can enjoy the artistic satisfaction.

But the chief purpose of human life lies in its unprecedented capacity for the enjoyment of sex-attractions. His whole body and emotional nature are constructed with this end in view. Man can love more intoxicatingly than any other creature and his chief duty in life is to court woman, while woman's chief duty is to tempt or charm man.

The greatest achievement of the Universal Mind is the evolution of mortal life. We Immortals have the everlasting life, but things that never end, become monotonous, and unless some suns or stars collide and explode in the universe, or some other catastrophe happens, the eternal music of our existence runs to the same tune. It is therefore a wonderful achievement for Evolution to have invented mortal life with its endless varieties. It is mortality alone which makes possible youth and the ecstasy of procreation. It is upon the earth alone where Life is enabled continually to re-experience the thrills of youth and of the nuptial rapture, by its invention of death, for if the old did not die, soon there would be no room for the young to be born and live. Similarly, the number of individuals which may experience the sensation of youth and hope is greatly increased by the device of allowing one species of life to exist upon the ruins of another. Thus the whole animal world subsists upon the ruins of the plant-world, and the more are eaten after they have bloomed, the more room for others to bloom. For all life is good while it lasts, at least to animal and plant, and man need not curse himself with labor that is irksome any more than the rest of creation. It is therefore the most wonderful proof of the unrivalled wisdom of the Creative Intelligence, not only to remove the old by death, but in countless instances to make the old generation serve as the supporter of the youth of another species, for youth is the final goal of life, and so marvelously balanced is life in nature that both the eater and the eaten obtain an equal share of life's delight. To grow up, to climb through infancy to adolescence, to unfold, to mature, to procreate: this is to quaff the cup of existence of a million immortal years in a single hour, for life is measured, not by years or eons, but by thrills and hopes, by fear and dread, by vision and victory, and so nature has endowed the human being with a cluster of raptures out of reach of most other creatures. He may dance and kiss and flirt with his mate in a thousand ways unknown to dove and orchid, and through his eye he may see the world, not naked and gray as it is in reality, but in the glory of the rainbow, for not cold facts, but color and illusion, are the beautiful garments of truth. Over all that he sees and hears and feels, over all the data of his experience, man may let play the varying lights of poetic imagination, as a skillful stage-manager drapes his dancers successively in all the hues of the spectrum.

And if by chance man fall into undeserved misery and finds his hope of further real living absolutely closed, he has been given the means to commit suicide in less painful ways than is vouchsafed to the animals.

It is true, every nook and cranny of the whole universe is peopled with life, and there is no end to its form and no limit to its days, but not anywhere in the heavens is there found a paradise equal to that little earth which spins around the sun. All our adventurous youths are hoping for an incarnation into plant, flower tree or shrub or even into an animal, and no doubt we would as ardently long for the adventure of human life, could we be but assured that we need not have to have man's brain, his conscience and his slavish mind.

Haec dicit amicus humani generis.

IMPORTANT PUBLICATIONS
OF THE
WEIMAR PRESS

LOVE'S HOLY HOUR:
A DRAMA OF THE WEDDING DAY.
BY NEANDER P. COOK.

Both the conception and characters are quite unique in literature. Especially significant are BEATRICE, the Heroine; RAGNI, the Outcast; LEONORE, Mother to the Bride; EUNICE, the Unwooded; FENSALIR, the Temple of Immortality; ADNIR, Abode of the Unborn.

"A wonderful little book lies on my table. It is LOVE'S HOLY HOUR, by Neander P. Cook. I can say to thoughtful readers, that this book, while somewhat radical, is decidedly beautiful in diction, charming in conception, and all the way through worth studying. If you are not prepared to read it, lay it aside for some day when you have had a new conception of life."—E. P. Powell in UNITY.

PRICE \$1.00 POSTPAID.

Weimar Press Post Card Library
of Belles Lettres.

No. 100. **Toil.** By NEANDER P. COOK. 5c.

No. 200. **Principles and Aims of Clarté**
Societies and Associations. 25 copies 50c

WEIMAR PRESS

Route 8, Box 45

Los Angeles, Cal.

Gaylord Bros.
Makers
Syracuse, N. Y.
PAT. JAN. 21, 1908

YC 15900

452688

Cook

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY,
BERKELEY

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

Books not returned on time are subject to a fine of 50c per volume after the third day overdue, increasing to \$1.00 per volume after the sixth day. Books not in demand may be renewed if application is made before expiration of loan period.

JUL 17 1931

3-6b 51RF

26 May 54 KH

MAY 17 1954 LU

